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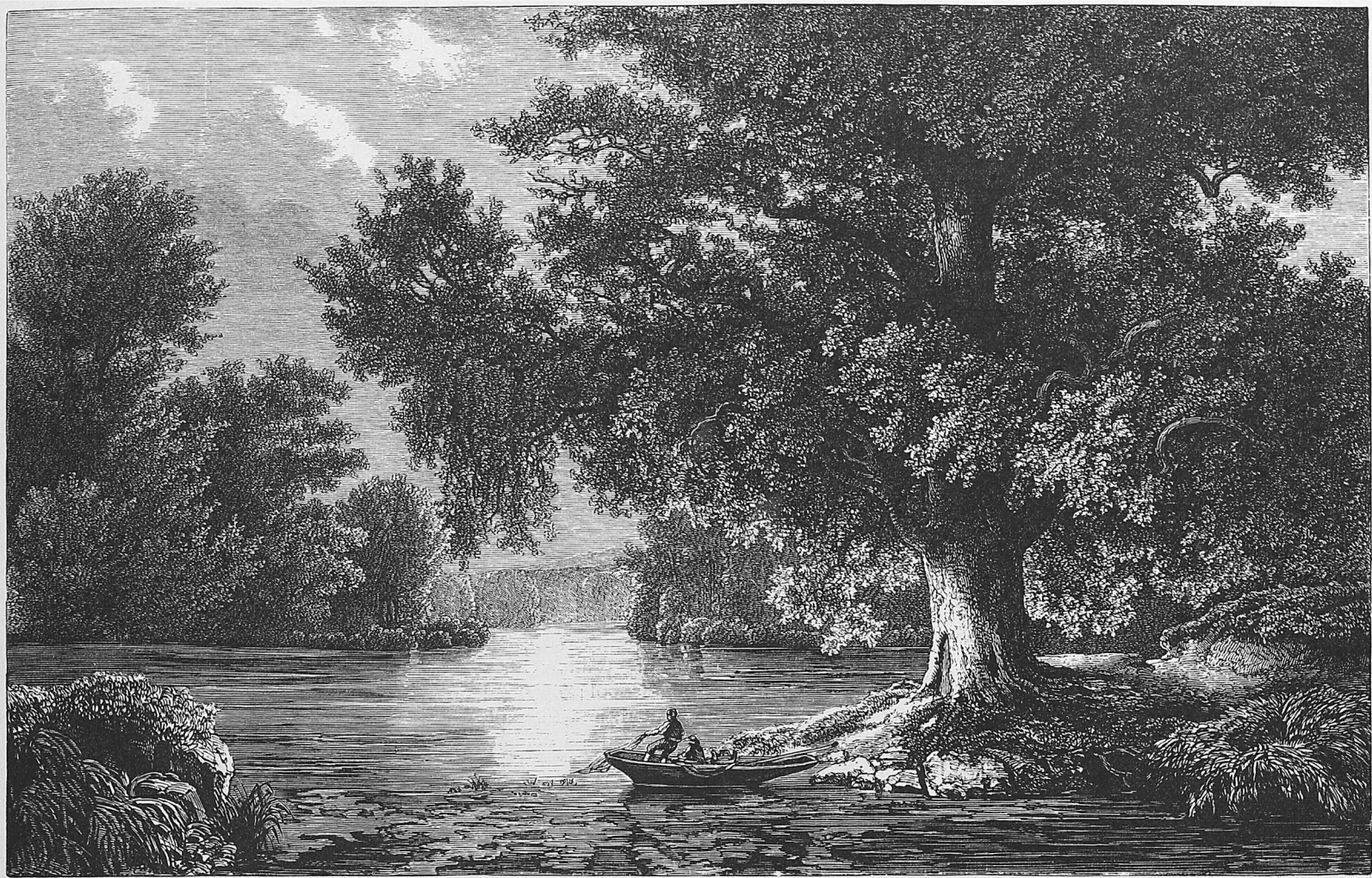
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THE MONK'S OAK.—AFTER CONSTANTINE SCHMIDT.

MUSIC IN THE ALPS.

ONE of the pleasantest features of domestic life in

Switzerland is the love of music and song. All the way down from Germany through the Tyrol and the Alps to Italy, the mountains and valleys may be said to fairly live with melody, and in almost every Swiss hamlet may be found voices which would win applause in any concert hall. But the Swiss are a home-loving people, and the mountain echoes, answering back their wild melodies, are a sweeter reward to them than the approbation of the world of fashion.

What traveler through the Alps has not stood entranced at the rich, swelling notes of the Yodee, or mountain call of the shepherd lads and lasses tending their herds on the Alpine pastures—that call so wild and thrilling that it seems at times to roll down from the lofty peaks like an echo from heaven!

Often in the hall of some small inn, the rude mountaineer may be seen in his peaked hat, with a bunch of Alpine roses or *edelweiss* stuck carelessly in the band, playing delicately on a zithern, while all the beer-drinking, smoking company listen with rapt attention.

And who does not know the wonderful fascination and power of the Ranz de Vaches—those simple, touching melodies, which have such hold on the hearts of the people? It is said that this music is forbidden to be played in Swiss regiments in the French service—the familiar tunes producing an intense home-sickness in the hearts of the sturdy mountaineers; that is the cause of many desertions.

In the family, music is one of the charms which bind young and old together, and there is scarcely a household too poor to possess a zithern, whose tones,

delicately drawn out by skillful fingers, delight both parents and children in the evening hour of relaxation and rest. A scene like this, forms the subject of the charming picture below by Gustave Doré, an artist whose pencil runs powerfully through the whole scale of human emotions.

WORDSWORTH.—He was a wise and happy man, a thinker and a dreamer, who read and walked. He was from the first in tolerably easy circumstances, and had a small fortune. Happily married, amidst the favors of government and the respect of the public, he lived peacefully on the margin of a beautiful lake, in sight of noble mountains, in the pleasant retirement of an elegant house, amidst the admiration and attentions of distinguished and chosen friends, engrossed by contemplations which no tempest came to distract, and by poetry, which was produced without any hindrance. In this deep calm he listens to his own thoughts—the peace was so great, within him and around him, that he could perceive the imperceptible. “To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.” He saw a grandeur, a beauty—lessons in the trivial events which weave the woof of our most commonplace days. He needed not, for the sake of emotion, either splendid sights or unusual actions. The dazzling glare of the lamps, the pomp of the theatre, would have shocked him; his eyes are too delicate, accustomed to sweet and uniform tints. He was a poet of the twilight. Moral existence in commonplace existence, such was his object—the object of his preference. —*Taine.*



MUSIC IN THE ALPS.—DORÉ.